state of affairs was found. Dr. Acene Kermecktchieff had lost his job as consular agent, because he belonged to the Bulgarian party that was for joining the Central Powers. The doctor is a writer, and since in that year he made something like two dollars, as consular agent, he had to do something besides, of course. He wrote a political article for the *Narodnai Prava*, the paper of Dr. Radoslavoff, then premier of Bulgaria, and was promptly removed from office by Mr. Lansing.

In his stead now served Mr. Dominic I. Murphy, as consul general. Mr. Murphy had been in the consular service of the United States since the Cleveland administration and had really made a mark in it. In the course of time, he had been stationed at Bordeaux, Amsterdam, and London, as consul and consul general.

The Bulgarian Government appreciated the consideration shown it by having an American consul general. Though it had sent to Washington Dr. Stephen Panaretoff, accredited as minister, that courtesy had not been regularly reciprocated so far. Mr. Charles Vopicka, the United States minister at Bucharest was also accredited to the Bulgarian and Serbian governments, a partition of honors which the men in Sofia enjoyed but very little, especially since they were at war with Serbia and faced the prospect of conflict with Rumania. The arrival of Mr. Murphy marked an epoch in diplomatic history, therefore. The new consul general had been given certain diplomatic powers and functions by the State Department.

All seemed well. The semi-official *Echo de Bulgarie* came out with a column of welcome, literally dripping with joy and the assurances that relations between the great republic in the West and the little kingdom in the Balkan had never been better. For a country committed to war by an understanding concerning a border rectification along the Maritza—at the expense of the Turks, naturally—that meant a great deal.

But the joy was short-lived. Mr. Einstein arrived—in short blue jacket, cricket pants and with lawn-tennis racket under his arm. He put up at the Grand Hotel Bulgarie, and paid his respects to the foreign office on the following day.

After all, the appointment of a minister at a capital hitherto not on the State Department register was some story. The newspaperman thought so, and interviewed Mr. Einstein, who, to be brief about it, distributed a card neatly engraved in French, reading: M. Lewis Einstein—*Ministre Plénipotentiaire.*

The legend on the *carte de visite* being plain and definite, the newspaperman wrote a short item for the cable. Again the *Écho de Bulgarie* burst forth in paeans of the United States, but said nothing of Mr. Einstein's status.

A few days later it was learned that Mr. Einstein was minister only on his visiting card. Otherwise he was just a plain 'diplomatic agent' with privileges to establish and maintain in Sofia something resembling a "legation." Since Bulgaria entered the war about that time, the newspaperman did not deem it worth while to send a correction. Owners of scrapbooks are requested to pay attention to this.

The State Department did not seem to know at first that Mr. Einstein was in Sofia. When last heard of, this diplomatic rover had been in Paris and London, and now he was in Sofia. Just about the time that this was learned, Messrs. Murphy and Einstein had a mutual explanation on the second floor of the hotel—in the "legation"—that was a beauty, and just about that time, also, diplomatic privileges were withdrawn from the "legation." Thereafter, Mr. Einstein had to do what Dr. Dumba did in Washington—submit all telegrams in *texte clair*, so that all could read them, and take the chances of censorship with his mail.

A number of incidents contributed to that. One fine day, the pseudo-minister showed up in Philippople to inspect the prison camp in which the English and French taken on the Golash mountain were confined. The commander of the camp asked Mr. Einstein for his credentials. The agent did not need such a thing, he said. He was above the law of Bulgaria. The commander could not see it that way, telegraphed to Sofia, and was instructed to return Mr. Einstein hale and hearty. Upon his return, Mr. Einstein found a wonderful chance for a diplomatic incident awaiting him. The French were holding in detention, aboard a battleship at Marseilles, the diplomatists of Bulgaria who had been stationed at London and Paris. Such detention being against international law, the Bulgarian Government decided to pry them loose by reprisal.

The British had left in charge of their legation at Sofia a Mr. Hirst, officially recognized as the 'custodian of archives.' It was decided to incarcerate this man until the French should have released the Bulgarian diplomatists.

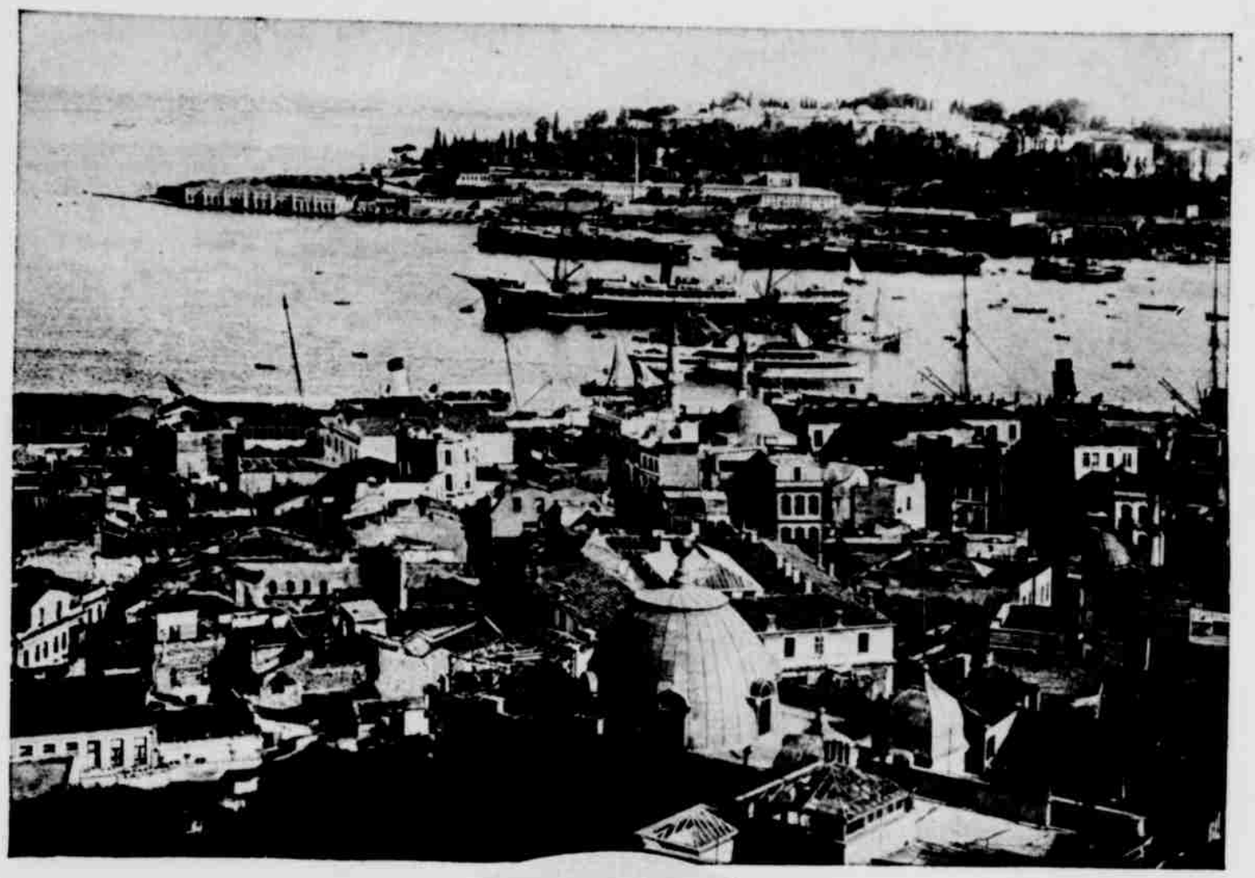
But Messrs. Einstein and Hirst played lawn-tennis together every fair afternoon. Mr. Hirst learned of his intended arrest and fled to the American "legation."

When the Bulgarian police arrived at the legation, Mr. Einstein was prepared for them. He announced that Mr. Hirst was in diplomatic asylum and that difficulties with the government of the United States would ensue in case the attempt was made to take the refugee. The officer of the squad thought that over for a while, and decided to depart in search of counsel and further instructions.

M. Kozeff, the state secretary for foreign affairs, implored Mr. Einstein to be reasonable, but the agent held his ground. The refugee could be taken away only over his dead body, and that was all there was to it.

The next step of the Bulgarian Government consisted of placing a guard in the corridor that led to the "legation." That diplomatic residence, by the way, consisted of a small parlor and a bed room, with privilege to use the public bath room *across* the corridor. Out of the fact that the bath room was not connected with the "legation" arose one of the strangest diplomatic situations in the history of the world.

Above the door of the Einstein rooms in the hotel had been fastened the escutcheon of the State Department, the intent of this being that all that lay beyond had to be regarded as territory of the United States.



(C) Press Ill. Service

Above—Constantinople—the proud city of the East. It would seem that America might be forced to play guardian for the fragment of Turkey and especially safeguard the Bosphorous.

Below—Sailors on leave in Constantinople. Our American sailors out on a sight-seeing tour. Passing one of the famous Mosques.

The principle of exterritoriality figures out that way. Within the borders described by the walls of the room, and as designated by the escutcheon, Uncle Sam had all the rights he had in Washington, D. C., itself. The Bulgarians began to see that and hoped that Mr. Hirst would leave the rooms, in which case they would pounce upon him and carry him to jail.

That evening, Mr. Einstein ordered supper for two. Diplomatist and refugee spent a quiet evening home. Breakfast, also, was enjoyed in the same manner. But when luncheon time came, the hotel manager informed Mr. Einstein that he had received orders from the Royal Bulgarian Government to serve only *one* meal in the "legation."

Mr. Einstein thought that over for just a second, and ordered *one* luncheon. That luncheon was served, and when it had been eaten by the refugee, Mr. Einstein repaired into the public dining room and ate *his* luncheon. The same performance took place at dinner.

Next morning the diplomatist was informed by the manager of the hotel that henceforth no meals could be served in the "legation" by *ukase* of the Royal Bulgarian Government, though the agent would be welcome to have *his* breakfast in the dining room.

On the same day, Mr. Einstein was served a notice of eviction. The aspects of the case, under international law, began to assume the gravest colors, as they put it in diplomatic language. The agent retorted to the effect that he could not be evicted, so long as he paid the rent. The hotel manager pleaded that the very same rooms had for some time been reserved by a man from Remi, and that they would have to be given up. Mr. Einstein could have other quarters in the hotel.

Diplomatist and refugee stuck their heads together and delved into the *political aspect* of moving into another set of rooms. The intent of the authorities was plain. While moving, the person of the custodian of archives would be seized, and as yet it was not clear how the principle of safe-conduct could be applied. At any rate it was better to keep the "legation" where it was.

Man needs a bath once in a while, of course, and to the military, police, and diplomatic forces of the Royal Bulgarian Government was now added the chamber maid. She refused to carry so much water out of the apartment. With the chamber maid having gone over to the side of the enemy, there was a problem of some proportions. Mr. Einstein had patiently bought food for his guest in town, but chambermaiding proved a little too much for him.

He attempted the forming of another *modus vivendi*. The irate and Royal Bulgarian Government said him nay. Long and delicate diplomatic negotiations ensued. The American diplomatic agent insisted that the bath room was exterritorial, because *he* had to use it. At first the foreign office controverted this point, but finally surrendered. According to international law the payment of rent for the "legation" included the use of the public bath room. There was no getting away from that, though precedents could not be found. Again Mr. Einstein scored one.

But to get into that bath room the public corridor had to be crossed. The solution of the problem was therefore incomplete. Mr. Einstein next set up the principle that, exterritorially speaking, a certain part of that corridor was also exterritorial. The foreign office replied that this was not so. Granting that claim, diplomatists might in the future assert that the Bulgarian railroads were exterritorial, or any street, any building in fact, of which a diplomatist might care to take possession. The recognition of that principle might have grave consequences in the future; it was with regret, therefore, that the Royal Bulgarian Government informed the diplomatic agent of the United States Government that his claim could not be allowed.

There was no way out, but to apply the principle of safe-conduct. Negotiations had progressed slowly, and although not sure of his ground, but driven by desperation, Mr. Einstein served notice upon the guards in the corridor that he would lead the refugee to the bath, and woe betide the Royal Bulgarian Government if one of its minions molested either him or the man. It was good luck that the officer of police did not know as much of international law as did Mr. Kozeff. Mr. Hirst made his ablutions and returned to the "legation," to await developments.

Meanwhile, the plight of the custodian of archives had become known in Washington and London. Mr. Lansing supported Mr. Einstein with might and main—until he began to look a little deeper into the international crisis in which the country was being involved. Thereupon he sent a telegram to Sofia—in clear text—in which he recommended to Mr. Einstein that he put an end to the diplomatic negotiations by surrendering the refugee. The telegram was submitted to the scrutiny of the newspaperman in the foreign office. It was politely couched, but Mr. Einstein paid no attention to it.

Untimately, it was the good sense of the British Government that put a period to this strange chapter in international relations. The Bulgarian diplomatists were released, and with that expired the warrant against Mr. Hirst.

This critical situation had hardly passed when Mr. Einstein was again in the toils of a diplomatic complication.

There had been attached to the American legation at Bucharest a young man, as secretary, whose name does not matter, because the newspaperman established that he had no evil intent. With the war booming business in Rumania, the secretary had decided to engage in business. He intended going to Saloniki.

He had no difficulty getting into Bulgaria via Rustchuck. Bad fortune attended him when he tried to get out. The young chap made several cardinal mistakes. One of them was that he obtained a visé from Mr. Einstein, the second, consisting of his making application for a travel permit to Saloniki with the Einstein-visé passport in his hands. That travel permit was refused.

Being resourceful, the chap went about it in another way. To an inspector of passports and travel permits at the railroad station of Sofia, he offered a little present in dollars in case said inspector would alter the travel permit he had secured, or change it. The inspector entered into the trade. The American took the proscribed train for Demotika and Saloniki.

Two stations beyond the capital several gendarmes entered the car and arrested him, taking from him all papers in his possession. For several weeks the young man languished in a Sofia jail. The trial established his innocence, despite the fact that he had in his possession, at the time of arrest, a cryptogrammic letter in Mr. Einstein's handwriting. The diplomatic agent of the United States could not deny that it was his letter. And the American admitted that the agent had given it to him.

By now the Royal Bulgarian Government was willing to do anything to be at peace with the United States. It was not until the newspaperman had forwarded to New York a detailed account of the diplomatic enterprise of Mr. Einstein that action was taken by the Department of State. The diplomatic agent was recalled from his post, lingered a while in London and Paris and was then excused from serving longer.